

The Garden

Ariannak

Aliens/Predator

Complete



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The Garden

AriannaK

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Summary

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Description:

On the home planet, a young yautja male stumbles across an interesting human female in the city...but she has a secret that will keep them apart. (Warning: rated M for adult, sexual content.) COMPLETE

General Disclaimer

General disclaimer

This is a work of fiction intended for entertainment only. Any similarity to reality is a dreadful accident. I don't own Predator or Alien. No profit is gained from writing these stories.

Stories by this author may briefly mention or describe in detail mature topics and triggers such as:

- Crime, **use of weapons**, **fight sequences**.
- Drug and/or alcohol use.
- Death, war, blood and gore.
- Violence and abuse—both verbal and physical. **Non-consensual sex** and child molestation.
- Kidnapping**, child abduction.
- Slurs, racism, harassment, bullying, and foul language.
- Eating disorders, mental illness, self-harm and suicide. Emotional trauma.
- Interspecies relationships** and intercourse.
- Sex that may be disturbing to some, such as: rough sex, sleep sex, BDSM, anal, oral, multiple partners, etc.
- Parts of anatomy may be named in a scientific or sexual context.
- Cultural differences such as: religion, abortion, polygamy, arranged marriage, legal age, public sex and nudity, bestiality, inequality, slavery, euthanasia, death penalty, cannibalism, etc.

Stories by this author are not intended to offend, encourage violence, or erotize rape. However, sensitive readers should not continue.

Chapter 1

Author's note: To see artwork inspired by this story, go to the DeviantArt account ArtEpona. I can't give a link, but the piece is called, "I'm Always in Trouble". Equipagan also has an Archive of Our Own account PaintedPagan, or you can find her artwork on Facebook ArtEpona. Go check it out!

###

The vast city was nothing but a playground to the young male. Exploring dangerous, abandoned mines and houses kept him alert and on his toes. Sneaking into factories let him practice his stealth, and filled his head with knowledge on how different components are made. Trespassing sated his curiosities, and scaling private houses proved to be a great workout. No one ever appreciated him snooping around though.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke quickly scaled the side of a stone house, digging his strong nails into the grooves of the bricks. At the top, he suspiciously peeked out onto the roof. The owner had caught him lounging on their roof before, and hadn't taken kindly to him. It seemed clear, so he jumped up and tensely scanned his surroundings. There was a separate building on the other side, far enough away that he'd never attempted to jump to it.

Today, he was determined to try. He glanced around again, still expecting the owner to find him, then began to stretch. All of his older brothers were busy training with professional masters, honing their skills and learning to hunt with precision. His bearer had run out of funds to hire another private trainer, and the free class lessons bored him. Thus, he was forced to train himself.

He let out a deep breath and backed away from the edge to get a running start. Kv'var-de'luar-ke sized up the gap between buildings and prepared to run. A flash of green exploded at his feet, throwing off his focus. The owner had caught him, and had brought a weapon this time. He took off running, loud blasts falling close behind him.

He leapt off the roof, and a rush of adrenaline flooded his system. For a few seconds, he was airborne, and he felt capable, felt powerful. The moment was short lived. He smacked the side of the other building, his vision blurring slightly. He held on through the pain, determined to lift himself up and still consider it a victory.

Nevertheless, the owner of the property was still shooting at him, and foiled his attempt. Three green blasts crumbled the edge of the roof right in front of his sharp fingernails. He plummeted to the ground and landed on his back. His dreds cushioned the blow to the back of his head, but he wished they hadn't. The pain was almost unbearable. Chunks of rubble fell down on top of him too, one piece landing on his groin.

He cringed in pain, and glanced up at the roof where the owner was standing with his gun. The owner of the property didn't shoot him. He didn't want to kill him, only to teach him a lesson. Kv'var-de'luar-ke got the message this time: stay off his property. He slowly stood to his feet, his body aching, and left the area.

He walked off the pain, then quickly found more trouble to get into. On the edge of town, there was a junkyard of sorts, and he enjoyed sneaking in and evading the three guard animals. They looked like mini T-rex's and it was a great cardio workout running through the maze of spaceship hardware with them at his heels. There was just a trench and a wire fence between him and the junkyard. He'd climbed the fence dozens of times, and didn't think twice about it.

This time though, was different. The second he placed his hands on the metal fence, electricity jolted through his body and burned his palms. He jumped back, his muscles still in a painful spasm. He hadn't thought anyone knew he was seeking into the place, or cared. It turned out he was wrong, seeing as they had installed a new electric fence.

He spent the next several hours just free running, until he faced an immense wall hidden in the center of the city. He'd tried to climb it many times before, but always failed. It was solid like concrete, without uneven bricks and grooves to necessitate easy climbing. It had less texture than tree bark, making it hard to maintain any grip. It seemed impossible for him to reach the top before his muscles grew tired, or he lost his hold and fell.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke was always up for a challenge though. He undid his belt and left his dagger at the base of the wall, hoping it would make him lighter. He kicked off his shoes as well, and then began to climb. He had to be cautious, and secure every hold. It was time-consuming and his muscles were bunched tight and straining.

He couldn't believe it when he actually reached the top. He flopped on his stomach, giving his sore muscles a few minutes rest, and looked to the center of the stone perimeter. He had been hoping for many different exciting things, but instead it was just a mere garden. The wall, it seemed, was not guarding anything special. It was just for privacy.

He tried not to let the disappointment get to him. After all, he'd accomplished his goal and scaled the wall. He doubted that many of his older brothers would have been able to do the same. Kv'var-de'luar-ke slowly stood and began to walk on the slim top of the wall, curious about the garden. Now that he was paying more attention, it was not like any garden he'd ever seen.

It had tall trees with fruit and dense brush with berries. A small pond was filled with swimming critters. What interested him though was the colors. In the foliage, there were small clusters of oddly colored leaves radiating out from a stem. He decided to climb down and have a better look when he heard a noise.

He expected a guard animal of some kind, but was astonished to see something else entirely. It was an alien pet, an ooman, and it was female. He crouched at the top of the wall, and stared down at her. She was stunning.

The ooman had long black hair, darkly tan skin, and big brown eyes. She wore strange alien clothes that held more color than a sunset, and they covered up much of her body. What little skin she had showing was decorated in fading ink and small jewels. He was completely captivated by the secret he'd discovered beyond the wall. However, he didn't fail to notice the hunting hound stalking close behind her.

After the hound tried to bite her leg, she finally spun around. His blood rapidly pumped through his body as he dashed to the nearest tree. He saw the girl shove the massive hound,

but he knew she couldn't defeat it. The hound attacked, rumbles and growls coming from its massive chest. Kv'var-de'luar-ke lept down off the wall, landing on a branch and then quickly clamored down.

He heard a tussle ahead of him through the brush, then a high-pitched shriek from the girl. He ran through the brush, losing sight of her now that he was on the ground. When he saw her next, the yaut hound was on top of her, its lipless jaws close to her face. He didn't even know the ooman at all, yet he rushed to protect her.

Chapter 2

Shreya ran as fast as she could, her lungs burning and her legs aching, but managed to outrun the yaut hound. She swung herself into a tree, straddling a branch so she could catch her breath. The yaut hound reared up and let out a menacing growl. She had played with the hound since he was a puppy, and it was getting easier and easier to beat him. When the hound started to scratch at the tree bark though, Shreya quickly jumped down. She didn't want the owner to get upset that it had damaged the garden.

"Stay down." she command the panting hound.

She examined the bark of the tree, with huge slash marks carved into its surface, worried that he would notice before it healed. The hound bumped it's bone spikes into her back, wanting to continue playing. When she ignored it, the hound lightly nibbled on her calf. It didn't break skin or even pinch at all. The hound could be incredibly gentle. She began to walk away, and the animal pawed at her foot, trying to trip her.

Shreya turned and shook her head at the beast, then surged forward and shoved the hound as hard as she could. The hound staggered at first, then growled and pounced at her. She evaded it's advances, then grabbed one of its paws to trip it. She huffed with the effort and hauled it's leg up, but the hound wouldn't go to the ground. Before she could grab another leg, the yaut hound knocked her down instead. She let out a playful shriek as she fell.

It's big obsidian eyes stared into her as it snarled, the bone protrusions from its head inching closer to her face. Shreya shoved at the hound, bracing her legs on its knees even, and shoved. The hound was bigger then a mastiff, and stronger then a pit bull. It didn't budge at all, but her back started to slide on the soft moss. She playfully blew in its nose and it snorted at her.

Then, out of nowhere, a yautja suddenly slammed into the side of the hound. The animal went tumbling into the bushes before racing back to attack the stranger. The hound lept over her, and tried to grab the yautjas arm. The stranger grappled with the hounds thick spikes. The animals jaws loudly snapped at the empty air.

Shreya scrambled up, still in shock. The hound growled, and shook it's head vigorously. The yautja couldn't hold on to its bony protrusions. The hound swiped at the yautjas leg then, and the male went down. The hounds claws dug into the yautjas body as he climbed on top of him, pinning him underneath the hound. Their foreheads were almost touching and the bony spikes were stuck in the ground beside the yautjas head.

Shreya smugly walked around the male her hound had taken down. He was young, with mottled green skin and no spikes on his body, except for eyebrows. He had slightly shorter dreds then she was used to seeing on males, and hardly had any metal rings in his hair. He stared up at her, his eyes green in the center and yellow around the edges, like fall leaves. He was handsome, for a yautja.

Shreya wouldn't let herself continue on that thought, but continued to look him over. He wasn't struggling anymore even though the hound was capable of killing him. He didn't have any wrist devices, or weapons. He didn't even have shoes on. She assumed he was not of high rank, and did not have money either since he was barefoot.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke slowly blinked up at the ooman girl, and his body relaxed. It didn't matter that there was a hunting hound at his throat-all he saw was her. She was exotic and beautiful. As well, her mammary glands looked full and round from below. He was admiring the view of her breasts when she spoke, and missed the words.

Shreya had to repeat her question, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"I saw the yaut hound after you, and I thought you needed help."

Even though that was very sweet of him, he didn't say why he was on the property in the first place, so she said, "He is a pet and I can handle myself."

She was healthy and fit, but compared to yautja females, she did not look at all capable of defending herself. She was shorter than him, thinner, and her teeth were blunt. She was still female, yet less dangerous than the ones of his species. It was a revelation that had him captivated.

"Why did you climb the wall in the first place? We're you looking for something to steal?"

"I just wanted to climb the wall to know that I was capable of it."

"Well congratulations, you're the first idiot to climb over it. Now will you leave if I tell the yaut hound to let you up?"

His pride felt somewhat damaged, "I will."

"Hannibal," the hound perked up when she said it's name, "release."

The yaut hound lifted it's head up then lept off the stranger to go sit by her side. She reached between his bone spikes to pat his head. The yautja stood up, then examined his injuries. Even though the hounds claws were short and blunt, he didn't have any armor on, and it's claws had managed to scratch him in a few places. His tough skin was hardly bleeding, but Shreya almost felt compelled to offer him a medical kit anyway.

She decided against it, "That's what you get for trespassing."

He huffed, but then said, "It was worth it to see your pretty face."

Shreya grit her teeth, trying not to swoon at such a comment, "You can leave now."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke deflated, and headed towards the wall. She followed behind him, escorting him out. All of the trees had branches that were lower down, and even Shreya could climb them. He easily jumped from tree to tree, then made a brave leap to the wall. His hands caught the top lip of the concrete and he hauled himself up.

When he crouched on the top and looked down at the garden, the ooman was still watching him. She didn't want him there. He started to lower himself down on the other side, with just his hands holding him up. He almost let go when he remembered the brightly-colored cluster

of leaves. He jumped at the excuse to go back and see the ooman. His arms were starting to tire, but he hauled himself back up on top of the wall.

As soon as the stranger disappeared from the wall, she turned back to the garden. It wasn't her job to keep it pruned, but if she didn't do it, the owner of the house would. Shreya didn't want to see him any more then she absolutely had to. So, she quickly found the shears she'd dropped before playing tag with the yaut hound and got back to work. The hound still seemed on edge from their unexpected visitor though.

The yaut hound reared up and scratched at the looming concrete wall, growling incessantly. When she glanced at the top though, there wasn't anything there. Shreya walked around the outside of the stone pergola, trimming dead foliage from the vines. Purple flowers with yellow centers grew from the vines, and she leaned her face close, inhaling their sweet scent. Usually the garden was peaceful, but the hound was still agitated and began pacing back and forth.

Chapter 3

Shreya went and sat under the stone pergola, and called the hound at her side, telling him to sit. A shadow silently moved over her then, making her tense. She lifted her head to see the yautja laying on top of the roof, peering down at her. His dreds hung down, swaying slightly. She wanted to laugh at how silly he looked.

She wasn't about to go easy on him though, "If your not going to leave I'm going to call the authorities, and the owner of the house. He'll pick you up and toss you back over that wall!"

He dropped down in front of her, "I thought you could handle yourself?"

"I can." she growled.

"Well then there is no need to raise alarm." He cautiously poked a purple cluster of leaves growing up the side of a stone pillar, "I only came back to ask what these strange colorful leaves are."

"They're not leaves, they're flowers."

He leaned closer, inspecting it, "Flowers... What do they do?"

"It's how the plants reproduce. Now you have your answer, so leave."

He straightened and inched toward her, "You are in such a hurry to get rid of me. Are you afraid of me?"

"No."

He slowly inched closer, and the hound began to snarl at him, but didn't attack. She'd told the hound to sit, and he would obey until she gave him another command. The yautja loomed over her, scenting the air for any fear. She smelled odd to him though, which only made him lean in closer. She backed up as his mandibles lowered towards her.

She didn't smell at all like she should have, and he pressed his face to her skin to try and figure it out. He nuzzled her neck, down to her chest, and the ooman suddenly kicked him, hard, right between his legs. Kv'var-de'luar-ke tensed, unbelievable pain jolting through him. He backed away and bent over some, but refused to seem weak and go to the ground. Shreya slipped away from him and hefted up a square stone that lined the garden.

Instead, he stiffly straightened up and asked, "Why do you smell like fruit?"

"Get away from me!"

"Ooman, I just asked you a question." At first, he thought her skin naturally smelled pungently like fruit, but the closer he got, the more he could tell that there was a different scent under it-her real scent.

"The owner of the house doesn't like that I smell so strongly like a female, so I rub fruit juice on my skin. It seems to keep amorous yautjas at bay. Apparently doesn't work on you

though, since you just rubbed your face on my tits.”

He tucked his mandibles close to his face, “I didn’t mean anything by it, I was just trying to figure out the smell.”

“Uh-huh, sure. Now leave, right now.” The brick was getting heavier in her hands.

“I really didn’t realize I was touching your… glands.”

“Ok, fine. Will you leave now? Please?”

Though he couldn’t smell her fear through the thick smell of tropical fruit, Kv’var-de’luar-ke didn’t fail to notice the brick she’d picked up. He liked the idea of a harmless female he could play with, but was more enthralled with a female of her small size being lethal. He liked a challenge. He wanted to see what she was capable of. Kv’var-de’luar-ke stepped closer, and she lifted the brick higher, trying to scare him off.

As soon as he jumped at her, she thrust the brick down onto his foot. He cringed, and splayed his mandibles at her, but quickly recovered from the pain. Kv’var-de’luar-ke kicked the brick under a bush and growled at her. The yaut hound snarled and wiggled impatiently but remained sitting. As soon as the ooman bolted, he ran after her.

The ooman looked lithe and delicate, especially with the way she was dressed. She wore bright blue baggy pants, sandals, and a richly decorated top. However, she was much faster than he had first assessed. She zipped ahead of him, weaving between the trimmed hedges and trees. The yaut hound quickly followed behind him, kicking up clumps off moss as it tried to keep up with their sharp turns.

Shreya could out run him easily enough, but she couldn’t evade him like with the hound. Climbing a tree wouldn’t help. Yautjas were natural climbers, so she couldn’t sit in a tree to catch her breath. His stamina was winning. She couldn’t run any longer without passing out, so she called the hound to her side.

Kv’var-de’luar-ke circled them both. She was smart, having the hound guard her. If he wanted to prove his strength, he would have to wrestle the yaut hound. He’d let it pin him to the ground once before, only showing weakness. This time, he would show her what he was really capable of, and then maybe she wouldn’t keep insisting he leave. He wanted to stay and explore the garden and ask her questions.

The yaut hound was ready for a fight. It’s muscles were tense, it’s claws were dug into the soft ground, and it’s jaws were dripping saliva. Kv’var-de’luar-ke launched at the animal and the ooman let out a surprised squeak. The hound was a pet, so he was careful not to kill it. He gripped the bone protrusions growing from its head and wrestled it to the ground.

Shreya backed away as the yautja locked it’s arms around the hounds neck. The spines of the animal started to dig into the males tough skin. The hound kicked and struggled, but eventually went limp. She panicked as he yautja stood up, and she quickly searched for something to use as a weapon. Her shears were behind him by the pergola, and she didn’t think she had the strength to outrun him anymore.

Shreya kept backing away towards the house, but the owner wasn’t home. The door to the house was always locked-she was rarely permitted inside. She didn’t have a wrist device to

contact him either; she'd been bluffing earlier about contacting the authorities. So the hound was unconscious, and she didn't have a weapon. She was out of options.

When he had been chasing her, Kv'var-de'luar-ke did everything he could to corral her away from the house where he wouldn't follow. While wrestling the hound though, he had become distracted. When he stood, the ooman was right by the door of the house. He worried that she would disappear inside, but she did not. He trilled, happy that she preferred to stay in the garden with him.

He puffed out his chest some, thinking that he had impressed her. At first, he had been pinned by the hound and she had outrun him. A yautja female would have seen that as a test and refused to mate him. But then Kv'var-de'luar-ke had beaten the hound, and outlasted her stamina. Since she didn't hide in the house, he thought she was interested in him.

It was not the normal mating season yet, but he was eager to pair with her anyway. He was young enough that he was always horny, and he knew that oomans did not go in heat like yautja females and instead were receptive at almost any time. Her chest was moving rapidly, still exhausted from running. Pinning her under him and filling her with his seed would be easier while she was tired. His body bristled at the thoughts of taking her.

Chapter 4

When he grabbed her, she struggled, but that's just how some females were. He thought she was still testing his strength. Kv'var-de'luar-ke worked to pin her to the ground without harming her. She was more feisty then he could have imagined though.

She bashed her elbow into his mandibles, kicked at his knees, bit his fingers, and relentlessly squirmed in his grip. He didn't want to harm her by digging his claws in her skin to get a better hold on her. The few yautja females he had mated were young like he was and did not put up so much of a fight. He did not seem to have enough experience with females to be able to hold the ooman down as well as penetrate her.

Finally, she seemed to exhaust herself. Her chest was heaving and her arms were shaking. He straddled her hips, and pinned her arms above her head. He let his musk reach out to her, knowing it would make her sex slick and ready for him. His skin was heating with arousal and he let out a soft purr to try and lull away what fight was left in her.

Just when he thought he'd tamed the ooman and had her ready for breeding, she began to scream at him though. "You go through with this and your dead! I'll gouge your eyes out! I'll rip off your nut sac! I'll fucking kill you!"

He tightened his grip on her, feeling less then aroused and thoroughly confused. It surprised him that such vulgar language would come from something so pretty. He knew oomans must have different mating customs, and wondered if he'd done something wrong. He pressed his mandibles to her exposed belly, trying to determine if she was afraid. Whatever citrus scent was all over her covered up her natural smells almost completely.

"If you rape me, I'll make sure it's the last thing you ever do!"

He abruptly straightened, then looked down at her face, "I would not think to force you. Even if the fate of the yautja species depended on it, I wouldn't do it."

She seemed to calm some at first, but then started to struggle again. After what she'd said, he wasn't sure he was ready to let her loose just yet. She kicked and fought him, and he struggled to keep her pinned. By the time she was out of energy again, he was practically sitting on her. His legs were entwined with hers to keep her from kicking, and his arms were stretched up to keep her wrists held.

"Get your fat ass off of me!"

He released her and jumped back in case she lashed out at him. He felt somewhat offended though, "Muscle weighs more than fat you know."

She shakily stood up, and her eyes narrowed at him suspiciously. Her hair was a tangled mess, and the small jewels that had been stuck to her skin had fallen off. Knowing she was not as willing as he had first thought, he now felt terrible for roughing her up. She didn't worry about her appearance though. She went straight to the hound and knelt beside it.

He followed her, "I didn't mean to scare you."

She ignored him, and shook the hound, trying to wake him. It was alive, he could hear it's strong heartbeat and see its chest slowly rising and falling. Kv'var-de'luar-ke paced back and forth in front of them for a moment, but then decided to try and find her jewels. In the thick green moss, they were not easy to find. He picked up the few he recovered, then brought them back to her.

He held out his palm with the jewels as he approached her, but she shrank away from him, "Leave me alone."

"I did not know you weren't willing. I could not smell your fear."

She began to scold him like his mother, "You don't just chase a woman, force her to the ground, and think she is willing! Females initiate mating. If you want to gain her attention, you purr. You don't trespass then put her pet in a coma! And it is polite to let females make the first contact, to let them touch you first!"

Kv'var-de'luar-ke let his mandibles sag into a frown, "You should have told me you did not wish to mate."

"I told you to leave the property, and I had the yaut hound attack you. I didn't think I had to specifically tell you I wasn't interested!"

"You had the chance to go inside. If you weren't interested, why didn't you?"

Shreya patted the hounds side, and the animal finally started to wake up. Her voice softened somewhat, "I can't go inside. It's locked."

He cocked his head at her, "Your owner doesn't permit you inside when they're gone?"

Her hands balled into fists, "He is not my owner! I am not a servant or slave."

"I don't understand."

"I don't leave the garden. I'm like a living piece of art to him, just another part of the garden. I'm caged here like an ornamental bird, but I'm not property. I'm not a slave."

"You are not property and yet he treats you like a pet?" The ooman glared up at him, and he hesitantly added, "I would never treat you like a pet."

"He killed my father. I know he still has the skull in his house somewhere. When he attacked me, I fought back and won. He was going to leave me alone then, let me live. But then he went for my sister, and I couldn't beat him a second time. I told him to take me instead... I thought he'd kill me, but he brought me here." She stood up and adjusted her clothes, "I beat him once. I am not his property."

"You're a prisoner?"

"I sleep outside under the stars. He brings me nice clothes and good food. I tend to the garden and play with the hound... but I am still a prisoner. There are worse things though-I could have watched him kill my whole family."

The yaut hound stood, shook it's body all over, then growled at him.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke slowly set the pile of jewels down on the ground, then backed away. When he turned, he heard the hound move. He ran to the nearest tree, and began to climb,

leaving the hound in the dust. He felt horrible for how he acted, as well as the predicament she was in. He figured it was best that he leave as she'd asked before. As he climbed back over the wall and headed home though, he couldn't stop thinking about her.

Shreya picked up the body jewels and went to the side of the house. There was an armoire with her clothes, jewelry, and other things. She glued the jewels back on then combed through her hair as the hound sat and watched her. If the owner of the house was on a long hunt, someone would check on her and bring her food. Until then, she sat in the hammock and picked apart a fruit similar to an orange and ate that.

It never rained, so it was safe to fall asleep in the hammock. The days were so long on this planet though, when she felt tired the sun was still up. Since she couldn't fall asleep, she began rubbing the fruit peel on her skin in case the owner of the house returned soon. With the days being longer and the seasons not changing the same as on earth, Shreya had lost track of how long she'd been a prisoner. It felt like several years.

Chapter 5

Kv'var-de'luar-ke faced the wall again the next day. He'd already tumbled a few times while free running on rooftops, and though his skin didn't show discolored bruises, it was sore in spots. He'd tried to distract himself with exercise, but it wasn't working. He had to see the ooman again.

He kicked off his shoes, removed his belt, and started to climb. He'd already climbed to the top once, but it wasn't any easier the second time. His muscles were weary from overuse, and he continued to fall. He paced at the base of the wall, trying to find the motivation to try again instead of returning when he was more rested. He thought of besting his older brothers, but it was the ooman that gave him his motivation.

He couldn't help but want to mate her. She was strong like a young yautja female, especially if she'd managed to beat the other yautja in a hunt. He'd hardly been able to hold her down. He couldn't outrun her. She would be a good mate, and give him strong pups-he only had to woo her into it.

When he finally reached the top, he crouched and tried to make sure she didn't see him. He needed to catch his breath and he didn't want her to see him fatigued. Kv'var-de'luar-ke silently crept along the wall, then sat down to rest his muscles as he watched her. She was in front of the pond, chanting strange words. When she started to move, he didn't understand it at first.

She fell silent and went to her hands and knees. She slowly bent her head down, then placed her knees up on the back of her arms. She stayed like that for a moment, then began to lift her legs and straighten her back until her head and her arms were supporting herself upside-down. She straightened her arms and legs then, so she was held up just by her arms. He'd never seen anyone do a handstand before, but he could see its usefulness in training.

She stayed upside down for several minutes, and her elbows started to shake. He was impressed, and wanted to try it himself. Kv'var-de'luar-ke climbed down, trying to be as stealthy as he could. He didn't want to disrupt her or get the hounds attention.

Shreya grit her teeth and tried to holdout as long as she possibly could. She was letting herself go soft without a trainer, seeing as that yautja had managed to keep her pinned. Her arms burned and all the blood was painfully rushing to her head. She finally opened her eyes and was about to lower herself down when she saw a yautja hovering over her. She started to tip, and once she's started she couldn't stop it. She'd land in the pond.

He hadn't meant to startle her. He quickly grabbed her legs so that she didn't tumble into the water. She wasn't the least bit grateful. She kicked at him until he let her go, then she stood and straightened out her clothes. He backed away, since she was glaring at him.

"What did I tell you about touching females!"

He opened and closed his mouth once before saying, "But you would have fell in the water."

“I didn’t need your help.”

With the commotion, the hound came sprinting from the shady bushes. It didn’t wait for a command from her, it throttled at him. Kv’var-de’luar-ke turned and ran, circling the pergola before jumping up onto the roof of it. The hound couldn’t climb, but it was determined. It jumped and snarled, then started to chew on the stone pillar.

Shreya walked to the pergola, her hands on her hips.

He casually laid down on his stomach and said, “I was hoping we could start over. My name is Kv’var-de’luar-ke; it means Hunters Moon. It would be an honor to know your name.”

“If the owner catches you, you’ll get us both in trouble.”

He picked apart one of the purple flowers and let the petals fall at her feet, “I am always in trouble for something. It is worth it to see you.”

“Don’t you have something better to do?”

He hung upside-down from his legs like a bat, “No. Please tell me your name.”

He looked ridiculous and she caved, “My name is Shreya. I think it means ‘favored by fortune’ or something like that.”

“Shreya... That is pretty.” it was definitely a foreign name, but he had little trouble pronouncing it.

The hound ran over and jumped at him, trying to catch the yautjas head in its jaws. “Hannibal, go lay down.”

The hound snorted and grumbled, but walked away and laid down in the shade. Kv’var-de’luar-ke jumped down, admiring the ooman. He wondered what the ink patterns on her tan skin meant, and why she wore the jewels. He stepped closer, trying to find her real scent under the smell of fruit.

“Don’t stand so close.”

He tried not to feel discouraged, “Can you show me what you were doing? The upside-down thing?”

She bit her lip to stop herself from smiling, “You want to learn yoga?”

“Sure.”

Shreya shook her head, but led him back in front of the pond. She should have ignored him or told him to leave, but she’d always wanted to teach. She knew yoga, different forms of meditation, and a little martial arts. On Earth, she would have loved to teach a class. She figured that dream could never happen now.

“Down on your hands and knees.” she sort of enjoyed commanding him.

He got into the position he’d seen her do, and listened to her instructions. She focused on every detail-from clearing his mind, to tightening his abs, to the deep breaths he should be

taking. He wanted to impress her by listening and completing the move. He ran into a problem though. He couldn't lean on his head like she had, without being on his dreds.

So, he tried to hop up and balance on his hands without first using his head. It didn't work out so well. He tried to lean on his forehead and that didn't work either. His muscles were still tired from climbing the wall. All he was doing was embarrassing himself.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke finally stood up and splayed his mandibles at the ooman, "This is stupid!"

"Don't get mad at me because you can't do it."

"Yoga is a useless waste of time! There is no point to this! You're just a silly child-maker!"

Shreya surged forward and shoved him, hard enough that he wobbled backwards and fell into the pond with a splash. To say she was child-maker was an insult. She walked away and sat down in the hammock. It wasn't her fault he wasn't listening to her properly. He wasn't leaning on his head, and was trying to skip a step. Of course he couldn't do the handstand right away like that.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke flopped out of the water, slipping on the algae growing on the sides. He couldn't believe she'd pushed him into the pond. That ooman was just like the arrogant yautja females of his race. He wrung out his loincloth, twisting the fabric in frustration, but eventually his anger dissipated. He knew very well that he'd deserved to be pushed, seeing as he'd called her a child-maker. She was worth more than that.

Chapter 6

His feet made sloshing noises as he walked through the moss, still dripping wet. She was sitting on a bright blue canvas strung between two trees, gently rocking back and forth. Her arms were tightly crossed over her chest. Apologizing wasn't his strong suit. Most men hated to admit they were wrong or say sorry, and Kv'var-de'luar-ke wasn't any different.

"I cannot lean on my head as you do. My hair is sensitive."

She didn't even glance at him.

"You are not just a child-maker."

She still didn't say anything.

He stepped forward, stopping her from rocking and began to purr. He saw her body tense, and knew she was fighting it. He leaned down, bracing his arms beside her. He deepened the purr, trying to break her resolve. She was determined not to give in to him.

"Do you want to push me in the pond again?"

Shreya couldn't help but smile. As soon as her shoulders dropped, he pressed his mandibles to her skin and rubbed them up to nuzzle her neck. Under the smell of fruit, her real scent made his blood boil. She should have shoved him away, but it had been so long since she'd had human contact, or any contact for that matter. He braced his arms around her back, and she tilted her head so he had better access to her neck.

In his eagerness, he tried to climb in the hammock with her and they were both suddenly dumped to the ground. Shreya landed on top of him, and he let out a happy trill. Embarrassed, she quickly rolled off of him. He moved to trap her under him though, his skin heating and his purrs becoming ragged with the anticipation. He still wanted to mate her.

Shreya flicked a bit of green pond scum off his chest, "Come on, let me up. Your soaking wet."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke was reluctant at first, but then jumped up and drug her with him.

Shreya combed her fingers through her hair once, unsure of what to do now. She wasn't used to having company. When she started to walk away, he followed. She figured she'd just do what she normally did during the day. She sat in front of the pond again to finish up her yoga routine.

She went through the various moves, concentrating on her breathing. Kv'var-de'luar-ke couldn't help but be aroused by all the intriguing positions she placed herself in though. Every time she closed her eyes, when she opened them, he was a little bit closer to her. He inspected any limbs she let him get near, looking at the jewels, and the brown ink patterns on her skin. He vaguely went through the yoga moves with her, but was more interested in finding her alluring scent under the citrus fruit smell.

When he got too close, she yanked her arm away from him, "Would you cut it out?"

He was acting like a zombie, slowly getting closer like he might take a bite out of her. He grumbled and backed off, but was still staring. She couldn't finish her routine knowing he was watching her so intensely. She decided to skip yoga and start tending to the garden. He was still just as much of a pest though.

She pulled weeds, and cut away dead foliage. He followed her, still horny and somewhat bored. He "accidentally" bumped into her when he could. Kv'var-de'luar-ke grabbed her hips but she shoved him off her. He nipped at her neck and shoulder, and she shied away. When she stopped paying attention to him, he picked up a twig and stuck it in her hair.

Shreya groaned, "Can you stop it?"

He trilled, loving to pester her. She was determined to get her work done though, so he decided to taunt the hound for a while instead. The yaut hound was happy to chase him around the garden until it collapsed. When she sat down under the pergola for a break, he joined her. She peeled apart one of the fruits that grew on the trees.

When she had finished that fruit, he jumped up to fetch her another one. He climbed the nearest tree like a squirrel, and snatched up one of the fruits. He eagerly peeled and sliced it with his nails before offering it to her. She shook her head at him, but took the food. The rest of the day went much the same. He spent his time either trying to impress her or simply gain her attention.

Finally, her patience was frayed. She turned to him and said, "Sit down."

He glanced around, no where near a bench.

"Sit down!"

Kv'var-de'luar-ke plopped down on the soft moss ground, feeling like he was about to be scolded. Instead, Shreya went to the side of the house to get her supplies. She grabbed a bowl, a can of the henna powder, and the plastic applicator cone. The owner of the house made sure to keep the supplies stocked. She had been tattooed with henna on earth, and he liked for her to keep the designs.

She mixed a little pond water with the henna powder, then used a twig to scoop the dye into the applicator. Her designs were fading, and it was easier to trace them rather than redraw the patterns. Trying to keep Kv'var-de'luar-ke from pestering her was impossible, so she figured she'd keep him busy instead. She set down her long colorful scarf to reveal her arms, and pulled up her baggy yoga pants so she could tattoo her ankles.

"Here," she handed him the cone applicator, "you're going to help me."

He straightened his back, looking confused.

"Just trace the designs. Gently squeeze the tube; don't put too much on."

His chest pulsed with a deep rumble, and he began to trace the delicate designs on her toes. He was actually pretty good at it. His hands were steady, and didn't seem to cramp up like hers did after a while. He went over the designs on her ankles, her palms, and up her arms. There was still a little paste left in the bowl though.

"Can I add to the patterns?"

“Sure.”

She figured he'd bring the designs further up her arms, but instead, he pulled up her shirt. Her choli top was already short and didn't cover her stomach, but he lifted the fabric higher. She gave him a stern look, and he dropped his hand away with a huff. She didn't need him peaking at her breasts or drawing on them. Kv'var-de'luar-ke scooted around behind her, and decided to tattoo her back instead.

She could feel the wet dye being applied up her spine, giving her goosebumps. He didn't just tattoo her either. He took the liberty of gently sliding his claws over her skin, scratching them down her neck, and up into her hair. Shreya was tingling all over, felt tempted to touch him back, and curious about what sort of alien design he was making. She patiently stayed in a meditation position, as the dye had to dry for at least half an hour.

When it was done, he helped her peel off the dry paste. She went to the trunk on the side of the house and rummaged through it for her mirror. She twisted around and gasped when she saw the pattern. Intricate yautja markings radiated out from her spine, which was dotted with ink. There was a little splotch lower on her hip though, and she squinted to try and figure it out... If it was what she thought it was, she was going to freak.

Chapter 7

It looked like a very stylized, almost caveman like rendering of a penis. Shreya's mouth dropped as she stared at it, blinking, trying to think what else it could have possibly been. It really looked like a penis though. There was no way around it. Her eyes lifted to Kv'var-de'luar-ke, who was steadily scooting away from her.

"What did you do?"

He turned and bolted towards the nearest tree, climbing it swiftly. Shreya wasn't afraid to follow. She jumped and caught the lowest branch, then proceeded to haul herself up. He climbed higher to get away from her, even as the branches started to bend. She grabbed one of the hanging fruits and chucked it at his face.

"It won't fade for a week! I'll have this on me for a week!"

When she tried reach him, the branch started to crack. He jumped across to a different tree, with a thicker branch. Shreya sized up the gap, but didn't dare jump. If she broke a bone, she'd have to wait for the owner of the house to come home. Then she'd have to suffer his company while he healed her.

She carefully climbed back down, "Get over here so I can hit you!"

Kv'var-de'luar-ke looked down at her from his perch, feeling half amused and half regretful. At the time, it had seemed like an amusing idea and he hadn't thought she'd be able to see it. It really wasn't that noticeable. Now she was mad at him though.

She grit her teeth, "I said get over here."

She was using that authoritative female voice, and Kv'var-de'luar-ke couldn't help but listen. He slowly climbed down from the tree and walked over to her. He hung his head, ready to get scolded and beaten. A yautja female wouldn't hesitate to hit him. He started to purr.

"Oh cheer up, I'm not really gonna hit you."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke perked up immediately. He grabbed her hips, and lightly drug his teeth over her neck.

"I am going to have to paint butterflies and nipples on you though."

He grunted, but didn't honestly care. He'd allow her to draw all over him as long as she let him keep touching her. He flicked his tongue over her neck, up to her ear. He wanted to kiss her; her lips looked so soft. He figured she'd turn away from him, but he gave it a shot anyway.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke hesitantly brought his face closer, even as she leaned back. His chest pulsed with a deep, resonating purr, and he forced his mouth to connect with hers. Her lips were softer then he'd thought, and warm. He wrapped his arms around her back to hold her closer, and she could feel the steady vibrations in his chest from his purring. He gently parted his four mandibles, then brought them closer together, sliding them over her lips.

Her hand lurched up to grab his shoulder and her hips pressed against him. She moved her mouth with him now, giving him small kisses on his mandibles. His skin began to warm slightly with his arousal. He told himself not to rush her, but he couldn't help it. He steadily bent his knees to force her to the ground.

She pulled away from him, "Your still in trouble."

He grabbed the back of her head to pull her into another kiss. With his mouth over hers, she hardly struggled. Kv'var-de'luar-ke gently urged her to the ground, then braced himself above her, pressing his groin between her legs. Her hands went to his chest to push him away, but she was still kissing him. He proceeded to try and remove her clothes.

It didn't seem like she was going to protest, but then the hound went running past them. Shreya lifted her head to see the hound disappear inside the house. The animal had a microchip under its skin that let it inside. The yaut hound was a guard animal. If it went running inside, that meant it had heard someone at the front door.

Shreya slammed her hand into his forehead, panicked to shove him off her, "You have to leave, now!"

He looked to the house, then back at the ooman, understanding. When he turned to leave though, Shreya clutched his arm, "Wait... Your musk, can you smell it on me?"

He nodded.

"Grab some fruit, hurry! Only the yellow ones; they don't leave my skin sticky."

They hid on the side of the house. Kv'var-de'luar-ke peeled open the yellow fruits and helped her wipe the juice over her skin. She even put it in her hair. His erection had quickly disappeared at the thought of the owner of the house catching him, but it was steadily returning now. He wouldn't have thought rubbing her skin down with fruit would be arousing, but it was.

Shreya noticed his erection and shook her head. She looked up at him playfully. Still, he suddenly felt ashamed of his lack of control. A yautja female would have seen it as an insult, as if the male expected intercourse already without her agreement. With her skin smelling pungently of citrus again, he quickly climbed the nearest tree and jumped to the wall.

Shreya watched him go, then pulled up her pants higher so no one would see the crude penis drawing. She ran and grabbed her scarf to cover the rest of the designs on her back. As soon as she composed herself, the owner of the house came strolling out with the hound at his side. She wanted to go hide, but knew better. He would just seek her out and make her more uncomfortable.

He never touched her, but he liked to look at her. She stayed in view, but a good ten feet away from him at all times. He walked around the garden, and no detail seemed to go unnoticed. He found the scratches in the tree bark, and the teeth marks on the stone pillar from the hound. He looked at the trimmed bushes and always seemed disappointed with her work.

He never commented, or picked up the shears to teach her how he wanted it done though. Shreya was beginning to think he didn't really enjoy the garden like she did. Maybe the garden was just there to impress the guests and females he brought home on occasion. When

his inspection was done, he began to work with the hound. He had the hunting hound do things that seemed like practice for hunts, and other things that just seemed like tricks.

He hadn't noticed the henna on her back, or smelled Kv'var-de'luar-ke's musk on her. They hadn't had sex, so his musk was easier to get rid of. If they had actually mated, the smell probably could not have been covered. Though she couldn't wait for the owner of the house to leave so the young yautja could come back, she wished he wouldn't return. She knew it was better if Kv'var-de'luar-ke stayed away from her.

Shreya began to do her stretches, trying to remain as limber and acrobatic as she was on earth. The owner of the house did not leave. He pushed the hound, making him run until he collapsed, and then he beat on him until the hound got up and started running again. Shreya grit her teeth and tried to ignore them, but the hounds yelps rang in her ears. She had to remind herself that even though the yaut hound was a pet to her, he wasn't her property. He was a guard animal and a hunting tool.

Chapter 8

Kv'var-de'luar-ke hid in a tree beside the front of the house, just waiting for the male to leave so he could go see Shreya again. He slowly picked leaves off and watched them float to the ground, trying not to fall asleep from boredom. It was several hours before the owner of the house left. He didn't appear to be leaving for a hunt, so there was no telling how soon he'd be back. The hound could alert them when the male got home, but he needed to come up with a better option.

He could never mate her without her owner finding out, and then what if she got pregnant? For yautja females, almost all seed takes hold. Sex is practically guaranteed to produce a suckling, unless they have sex out of the breeding season, and then the chances diminish. Kv'var-de'luar-ke had already sired three pups in his life, but two had already died. He didn't know what her chances of getting pregnant would be since she was an ooman, but he wanted another pup, and he wanted to have it with Shreya.

He raced to the wall and began to climb, getting to the top without as many slips as usual. He sat down for a moment to rest, and the hound quickly spotted him. The animal came limping to the base of the wall, growling at him. He leaned forward and cocked his head to the side, wondering why the animal was limping. His eyes went to the garden then, looking for the ooman, but he couldn't spot her.

He didn't trust a yaut hound as a pet, and worried that it had done something to her. What if their play had gone too far? He quickly dropped into the nearest tree to go find her. Usually she smelled like the garden, like fruit, with hints of flower pollen and grass. This time though he could smell her sweat, like she has been running or fighting. He climbed the biggest tree in the garden, and found her sitting on a wood platform.

She was curled into a tight ball, with her knees up and her face tucked down in the middle. He peeked over the boards and chuffed. She didn't lift her head. Something was definitely wrong. He climbed up, sat in front of her, and made soft rattle.

When she still didn't respond, he scooted closer and poked the bottom of her foot. She mumbled, "Go away."

He rubbed his hands up her arms and she had a fit. She rapidly smacked her hands on him then started to punch. He jumped away on instinct, his back hitting a branch. If she was a yautja female, it would have hurt. She curled herself back in a ball with her arms wrapped around her legs, but not before he noticed the marks on her neck.

"Did the hound do that?"

She buried her face, "No."

"What happened then? Let me see the injury."

When he tried to pry her arms away from her knees, she lashed out again. This time he was prepared. He forcibly held her against him, purring to try and sedate her. She squirmed and

fought him at first, before turning and wrapping her arms around him. When she took a deep breath and seemed calm, he stopped the thrumming purrs.

He tried to get a look at the wound, “Did the owner of the house do this?”

“Yes, as punishment for talking back to him I guess... He hit the yaut hound so hard it started limping, yet he still wanted to make it run laps. I intervened. He acted like I was going to try and attack him, and wrapped his claws around my neck.”

There were four long scratches on one side of her neck, then one deep one on the other side. The four scratches had been bleeding, but didn’t look like they’d scar. The gouge from his thumb nail was deeper though. He swept her long dark hair away so he could get a better look.

Her skin was soft, and the scratch was deep enough it would need stitches, “I can heal it.”

When he tried to pull away from her, she wrapped her arms around his neck, “No! He built this wall, and if he finds out you sneak in here, he’ll build a cage over it. If he sees I’m healed so quickly, he’ll find out about you.”

He sat back down, settling her in his lap, “Ok, but if it’s scars, I can put something on it that will make it fade. He won’t get any suspicions.”

Shreya nodded, and tightened her arms around him. She nestled her face against his neck. His scent was like wet stone with musky overtones. She knew his dreds were sensitive and that she really shouldn’t have been teasing him, but she reached up to feel one of the strands. His chest rumbled with a tempting purr.

She really was a tease, “I’m going to take a shower, wash off this blood.”

On the other side of the house, there was a small fountain for drinking water, a cramped bathroom stall, and a shower. He followed behind her, his body tense with anticipation. She hung up her scarf, and took off her colorful slippers. She turned on the water, giving it a minute to reach the right temperature. She started to shimmy her pants down, but then turned to Kv’var-de’luar-ke.

“Shoo, you don’t get to watch.”

He let out the tiniest whine, then said, “I’ll join you.”

“There isn’t enough room.”

He sized up the shower. It was small, and primitive. They’d have to be touching each other the whole time just to fit. He quite liked that idea. He took a step towards it, but she stopped him.

“I’m taking a shower. Go find something else to do for a minute.”

He leaned closer.

“Don’t you do it.”

He put his head under the water.

She yanked on his arm, “No.”

He grumbled but left her to get clean.

When she was finished, she peeked out the door and grabbed the towel. Shreya didn't want him seeing her. She dried in the shower cubicle then stepped out with the towel still around her. She figured he'd be waiting impatiently and then hovering over her the second she got out, but he was nowhere to be seen. Shreya walked to the other side where her clothes were.

As soon as she turned the corner, she spotted him. It looked like he had been rutting through her dresser, as all the drawers were still open. He had a pair of her red panties held in his claws. Her cheeks burned red with embarrassment. She couldn't believe he was looking through her underwear.

Shreya commanded him like a dog, "Drop it!"

He hung his head and dropped the piece of clothing back in the drawer. Next, she shoved him into a corner facing the wall and told him not to peek. He could hear her getting dressed, and he fought not to react. His skin began to warm and his throat grew tight. It was coming close to a breeding season and even though she wasn't a yautja, his libido would increase from the scent of other females he came in contact with.

Chapter 9

She finally told him he could turn around. She was wearing baggy pink yoga pants now, and a black choli top. She'd taken the jewels off her skin, and her hair was still wet, but she was just as beautiful. He hovered over her, finally getting a good whiff of her real smell, without the citrus smell to cloud it. But then he noticed that she was barefoot, and that conflicted with his plans.

He grunted, "You forgot your sandals."

"Well, I don't need them. It's almost time for bed."

He looked up at the sky. Though the wall blocked the horizon, the dimming light indicated that the sun was just beginning to set. "I have other plans. Get your shoes on."

Her eyes narrowed and one of her eyebrows started to raise. For a moment, he forgot that he was attempting to boss a female around. He quickly decided to add, "Please?"

She put her gold sandals on, then asked, "What did you have in mind?"

He grabbed her shoulders and steered her around to face the wall, "I want to take you into the city."

"That's a very bad idea."

He nudged her closer to the wall, "Has the owner of the house ever came out to the garden at night?"

"Not that I can remember..."

He grabbed her arm to pull her forward, "If we're caught, I'll say I kidnapped you. I'm always in trouble for something anyway."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke climbed the tree beside the wall, then perched on a branch and waited for her to follow. She had never tried to escape. She'd agreed to come to this planet for the sake of her family. But after receiving the scratches on her neck, she was angry. She wanted her life back.

Shreya climbed all the way up to the thickest, tallest branch but still couldn't reach the top of the wall, "What now?"

Without answering her, he grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up. She shrieked and clung to the top edge of the wall, willing him not to drop her. She tried to haul herself up, but her hands were just barely touching the top. Kv'var-de'luar-ke had to shove her the rest of the way up, his hands on her ass first, then lifting her legs. She teetered on the top, wondering how they were going to get down.

He easily leapt to the wall, hauled himself up then over. He dropped down to the other side and waited for her to follow. She didn't like to think she was afraid of heights, but the wall seemed much higher now that she was sitting on top of it. She scooted off the edge. Shreya

didn't have to worry about landing too hard on her ankles, as he caught her around the waist then set her down.

The city looked like a labyrinth from where she was, with buildings of various heights and narrow streets. There weren't any street lights, but they weren't really necessary. Yautjas could see well in the dark, and the sky was never completely black anyway. It stayed a dark grey, with scattered stars but no moon. Kv'var-de'luar-ke took off running, and she quickly followed.

He took her to the older, grungier part of the city where he usually did his free running. She could match his speed, but wasn't used to leaping across rooftops, over fences, and climbing up the sides of buildings. He made sure to keep her close, and pick easier paths, but didn't hesitate to show off his skills. When he came to a dead end alley, he stopped to think how the ooman could climb up, or if he should just turn around. Shreya surprised him though.

She swept past him, and started to climb the thick pipes on the side of the building. After that, she could reach a small lip of overhanging bricks. With her back hugged against the wall, she began to shimmy across the wall. He hovered under her, ready to catch her if she fell. She made it over to a metal vent with big enough gaps she could climb it like a ladder to the roof. Now, she was the one looking down, waiting on him.

When she was finally worn out from running and climbing, they opted for a peaceful walk through the city. With an ooman at his side, and smelling like he'd been recently working out, Kv'var-de'luar-ke was suddenly getting more attention from females though. At his low rank and young age, it was best to try and secure females before the breeding season hit. And even then, most females blew him off for higher-ranked hunters when the time came. At every opportunity, he stopped to talk to other females, letting off musk to entice them before going back to Shreya.

The ooman became quiet at his side. As he stared another yautja female down, he asked, "Are you tired?"

She didn't answer him right away. She couldn't help it; she was pouting. She knew yautjas were not monogamous. They often kept going back to certain mates they really liked, but always saw others as well. Few yautjas ever took a lifemate, and if they did, they were usually much older.

She knew that he could never have a proper life with her, but she still felt possessive over him, "Humans are monogamous for the most part. If you want to pick up girls, then you can just take me back home."

It was a fact he had known about oomans, but forgotten. That meant that if he wanted Shreya, he could not have other females. If he had other females, then he could not have Shreya. Genetic diversity was necessary to make the species stronger. It did not make sense to him to only have one mate.

He felt selfish. He wanted her, and as many other females as he could have, "You are on yaut prime, not that backwater planet. You should accept many mates."

"I can understand your culture, but I don't want to adopt your ways. I want to get married to someone I really care about, take vows, and honor them."

She waited for his response, worried that he would lose interest in her. It was wrong of her to string him along anyway. She would be a prisoner her whole life. She had nothing to offer him. When they reached the garden wall, she thought he'd made his decision-to have yautja females. It was probably for the best.

He'd stolen a length of rope he found while free running with her, and she finally realized what he planned to do with it. He climbed the wall, then dropped the rope down to her. She tied a knot at the end, braced her feet on the wall, and he hauled her up. After that, he still had the strength to lower her down into the garden too. She didn't look back up at him to watch him leave. She climbed in the hammock, and buried her face in her arms.

A soft rattle met her ears though, and she looked up to see him in front of her, "Why are you still here?"

He shifted his weight, "Do you want me to leave?"

"No... I just thought, you know... I thought you wouldn't be interested in me anymore since you'd have to agree to be monogamous. Would you really willing to do that?"

"I haven't made a decision yet."

Shreya nodded, then said, "You shouldn't chose me. It's wrong of me to want you to stay. I'm only dragging this out longer." If he knew what she knew, that she couldn't be anyone's mate, he'd already be gone.

He crouched in front of the hammock, staring into her brown eyes, "Don't say that. Avoiding all other females would be worth it to be with you."

"No it wouldn't. You don't understand. I can't..." She couldn't tell him the truth though. She tried to force it from her mouth, but she couldn't say it. Instead, she said, "You should go."

"No." he growled stubbornly.

"It's getting late, you really should be leaving."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke wouldn't listen to her. He circled the hammock once, then attempted to climb in it with her. The swinging bed was not something he was used to. The hammock tipped as he tried to climb on, and Shreya almost went tumbling to the ground. The fabric creaked with his weight, but he managed to squeeze in beside her.

Chapter 10

She flipped to her side, so she could lay her head on his chest. She listened to his deep, steady breaths wondering how long this could last. She liked him more than she should have, and that was a sure way to get a broken heart. She swept her fingers up and down his muscular chest. She needed to distract her thoughts for the time being.

She cleared her throat, and said, “You were really impressive, able to run for so long, and climb the wall. Do you train with someone?”

“No. I have no money for a personal trainer. I could go to the free classes, but they suck.”

“Why don’t you like them?”

He grumbled and said, “It’s all just a bunch of useless safety courses, and the teachers don’t like me.”

Shreya giggled, “I can’t imagine why.”

He cocked his head at her slightly, unsure if she was insulting him.

She slid her fingers up his muscular bicep, “I enjoy having you around the garden all the time, but you really should go to the lessons. Even if you don’t see their importance now, I’m sure you will later on.”

He chuffed, “I do not come from a strong bloodline. Even when I do something right, they still scoff at me.”

“That’s just all the more reason to stick to the lessons. Show them what you’re made of. You have more potential than you think.” She yawned then, and at the end it sorta sounded like a puppy noise.

Kv’var-de’luar-ke trilled at her encouragement, but still did not feel motivated enough to go back to the free lessons. He preferred to teach himself, and spend his time with her in the garden. Her eyes were blinking closed every so often. She was tired, and his bearer would be upset if he did not return soon. He tried not to disturb her too much, but ended up flopping out of the hammock anyway. Her eyes stayed closed, but a smile spread to her lips at his clumsiness.

He got some sleep, and then in the morning his bearer kicked him out of the house so he could go to the hunting lessons. Like usual, he headed to the training hall, but then deviated. Kv’var-de’luar-ke grabbed some breakfast, then immediately headed to the garden. It was getting easier to scale the wall. He reached the top in record time, but hadn’t expected to see the owner of the house in the garden with Shreya.

He panicked, thinking he was going to get caught, and ended up falling off the wall. He landed on his back with a loud thud, his body aching. At least this time he had enough sense to lift his head, and his dreds did not hit. He sat up, dusted himself off, then walked around

the front of the house. He climbed the tree like last time, planning on waiting for the male to leave.

He lounged across a branch, trying to think. Shreya had said he shouldn't choose her. Really, he felt the opposite-that she shouldn't get involved with him. He didn't go to school, or have a job. He still lived with her bearer and she would likely kick him out to live on the street in another cycle or two.

He felt restless as the minutes passed. He had nothing to offer Shreya. If she had his suckling and the owner of the house didn't let her raise it properly, he knew his bearer would take it in. But what kind of raising would it have? His bearer already couldn't afford a trainer for him. Shreya was blooded, and could choose who to mate with, but she was still a prisoner.

He figured that was why she didn't want him to choose her. She wouldn't be able to raise a suckling properly, being stuck in the garden. The owner of the house had clawed her neck, and having a yaut hound around a pup wouldn't be safe. If he wanted Shreya as a proper mate, he would have to get his life in order, and challenge the other male for her. With a decision made, he hopped down from the tree.

He went to the free class lessons, like Shreya had suggested. It seemed like he picked the worst day to actually show up though. First of all, the teacher was female and chastised him about being late. Then, he found out that they weren't even doing lessons today. Instead they were competing for a chance to go on a real hunt with highly ranked yautjas. He almost backed out, but then thought of Shreya.

He still had blood on his knuckles when he returned to the garden after the competition, eager to tell Shreya what had happened. He ran into the owner of the house again though. Kv'var-de'luar-ke's first thought was to hide, but after the fight had gone so well, he was feeling more confident. He knew he shouldn't challenge the owner of the house just yet, because if he lost, he couldn't try again. He did have something else in mind though.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke went up to the older male and introduced himself. He got a little nervous though, and accidentally pronounced his own name wrong a little. The owner of the house was a good eight feet tall, while he was only six foot and a few inches. The male's skin was a patchwork of scars, and one of his eyes were slightly discolored and hazy. Kv'var-de'luar-ke's was worrying over nothing though.

The male actually seemed very relaxed. Kv'var-de'luar-ke tried not to allude as to how he knew the ooman existed, but asked if he could visit when the male went on a hunt. Apparently, the owner of the house had convinced the neighbor to check in on her and feed her so often, and was happy to let Kv'var-de'luar-ke fill in for him instead. Kv'var-de'luar-ke just had one more question to ask. He wasn't sure how the male would respond.

"Would you allow me to court the ooman?"

The male tipped his head back some, but then grunted, "You may try. Her appearance is deceptive though. She has defensive training and can move quickly. I'd keep an eye on that dagger of yours."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke casually nodded, but the male made sure to get his point across. He tapped his thumb on one of his scars. The raised line sliced across his stomach before curving downward and disappearing under his loincloth. Kv'var-de'luar-ke slowly blinked, stunned

that Shreya had made that scar. It looked like she'd tried to gut and castrate him with one swipe.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke swallowed thickly, "I will keep that in mind."

"Alright then, I'll see you in two weeks when I leave for my hunt."

The male finished up whatever business he was tending to, then left the house. Once he was out of sight, Kv'var-de'luar-ke climbed up and over the wall. The yaut hound was no longer limping, but didn't try to chase him anymore. He found Shreya sitting under the pergola. He immediately went and picked her up into his arms.

"I have good news!"

"I guess so." she shook her head and smiled at him, placing her hands on his shoulders.

"I went to the lessons, like you said. I won a competition and am going on a hunt. And, I'm going to find a job."

"Wow, you're on a roll!"

Kv'var-de'luar-ke nuzzled her neck with his mandibles, "It was all for you. Soon, I'm going to challenge the male that keeps you here, so you'll be free."

She leaned back to look into his eyes, which were like newly turning fall leaves-green with yellow around the edge, and she tried not to let her lips drop into a frown. Shreya felt bad that he was doing it for her. She couldn't let him challenge the owner of the house for her. Even if Kv'var-de'luar-ke won, she still couldn't be the mate that he wanted her to be.

Chapter 11

She wouldn't ruin his mood just yet. He was so excited about the days events. He told her the details of the fight, how he bested every student. She would tell him when he came back from the hunt not to challenge the male. She hoped that then, she'd have enough courage to tell him the truth.

He gently set her back down on her feet, and his hand rose to her face. He swept back her hair with his claws, and started to purr. She resisted the urge to touch his mottled green skin. More and more, she felt it was wrong to keep encouraging him. His musk hung in the humid air, but even that didn't get her to move.

"I'm going to look for a job. I'll come back later today, as soon as I can." She stood there stiffly as he pressed his mandibles to her lips, and then he quickly turned and left.

Yautjas revered strength and honor above all. After that was the ability to hunt, and bear offspring. Those that couldn't reproduce were considered cripples. If you couldn't pass on your genes and continue the bloodline, you were useless. A vasectomy/sterilization was considered a punishment worse than death.

Though she grew up in America, her great grandparents were from India, and she was raised with their customs and beliefs. Just like the yautja culture, the importance of the female bearing offspring and continuing the family line was just as important. An infertile female was seen as lower than a dog. In the Hindu religion, the sons perform the death rituals, so without sons, you couldn't go to heaven.

The yaut hound playfully bounced around beside her, trying to get her attention. He nudged her, and pawed at her leg, but she wasn't in the mood to play. She had to talk to Kv'var-de'luar-ke. She paced around the garden, waiting for him to return. Eventually it got dark though, and she went to bed, glad that she didn't have to tell him yet.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke had finally found a job, and they had even asked him to start immediately. By the time he snuck back in the garden again, the sun had set. The hunting hound lifted its head as he dropped down from the tree, but didn't growl. He wanted to tell Shreya about his job, but she was already asleep. She was curled up on the wood platform in a tree.

He should have let her sleep, but had to prepare for the hunt tomorrow and wouldn't be back for a while. He clicked lightly, but she didn't stir. He chuffed, and nudged her leg. She took a deep breath and tensed some, and he thought she was going to wake up. Instead, she rolled over to her other side, so her back was to him.

Shreya acted like she was still asleep. She didn't know what else to do. She was tired, and didn't want to have the serious conversation with him now. She didn't want to encourage him any further by inviting him closer either, but she desperately wanted it. She willed him to go away, but instead, she heard him lay down next to her.

She tried to force herself to go back to sleep, but knowing he was so close to her without touching, she couldn't. Shreya kept her eyes closed, still pretending she was asleep, and flipped back over. She waited a few moments before slowly peeking at him. He was on his back, his dreds spread around his head.

Just looking at him wasn't enough. She slowly inched closer to him, until she touched his side. She heard his soft trill. Kv'var-de'luar-ke shifted to his side and softly stroked her cheek. He wanted to see those big brown eyes of hers. He could hear her heart rate elevate slightly, but she still did not wake up.

He rested his head on his arm and started to fall asleep beside her. The ooman was apparently a very restless sleeper though. She kept shifting and scooting closer. The days on his planet were very hot, but the nights were cool, and he wondered if she was cold. The owner of the house didn't give her any fur pelts to sleep on.

She flipped her back to him again, this time cuddling against his side. His loins swelled with desire as her ass bumped up against him. He couldn't help but touch her then. He swept his hand down her side, over her hips, before heading towards her breasts. His claws played with the hem of her shirt, before he slipped his fingers under the fabric.

Even with her asleep, he wasn't aloud to touch. She made a tired whine and squirmed, before tightly bringing her arms against her chest. He let out a low growl but settled beside her. He knew better. Kv'var-de'luar-ke wrapped his arm around her middle, and that seemed to keep her calm. She stopped moving so much and he was able to fall asleep.

She had never slept so well. In the morning his arm was still around her, and the heat from him was soothing. She didn't want to move... until she felt the bulge pressed up against her. She twisted around to jab her elbow in his chest, thinking he was getting naughty ideas. However, she was surprised to see that he was still asleep.

Shreya tried to pry his arm away from her torso, but the more she moved, the tighter he held her. His chest pulsed with a lazy purr and he tipped his hips against her. The area between her legs started to tingle from the contact. He ground his hips against her, actually making her moan. For a second, she wished he would rub a hole right through her pants.

She was losing control of her own libido. She started smacking him, "Wake up already!"

He snorted and jerked away from her, his eyes blinking open.

He was right on the edge of the wood platform, "Be careful..."

He tried to sit up, but his hand landed beyond the wood and he tipped backwards. She cringed when she heard him hit, then scrambled down to check on him. He didn't understand it at first. One second he was dreaming about Shreya, and then the next he was flat on his back on the ground. He really had to start working on his landings.

He didn't really fall that far, but she began checking him for broken bones, "Oh I'm so sorry! Are you Ok?"

He could have gotten right back up, but the ooman hands were all over his body. She felt up both his arms, and legs, and his ribs, and he was in heaven. He let out a weak groan, trying to convince her he was possibly injured. Her hands went to his hair, touching and inspecting the strands. His body warmed and his erection swelled.

She kissed his cheek, then his chest, “Are you alright? Where does it hurt? I’ll give you a kiss where it hurts.”

Honestly, his shoulders and his ass hurt the most, but he pointed between his legs instead. That’s one place he’d like to feel her soft lips.

Shreya slapped him, hard, right across his face, “Get up, your fine.”

He pulled his eyebrows together and sat up, pouting. He’d only been joking about getting a kiss down there, though he would have enjoyed it. She had her arms crossed in front of her chest, and he figured that he had insulted her. She was just as touchy as any yautja female. He purred, and when she glanced his way, he pointed to his arm. She shook her head, but bent to place a kiss on his bicep, then his neck, then finally his mouth. He was glad at least she always forgave him quickly.

Chapter 12

She let him leave in the morning without having the talk. She had to tell him sooner or later. Her excuse this time was that she didn't want to ruin his focus on the big hunt. She swore, the next time she saw him, she would confess. However, that didn't work out like she thought.

It was several days later before she saw him again. The owner of the house stepped out into the garden, with Kv'var-de'luar-ke at his heels. She felt the color instantly drain from her face. Her first thought was that he'd been caught. She figured that the owner of the house would beat him in front of her, to teach them both a lesson.

Instead, the older male said, "This is who is going to be watching you while I'm away."

Shreya stood there, stunned.

The young yautja stepped forward and introduced himself like they'd never met before, "I'm Kv'var-de'luar-ke. What can I call you?"

She still just stood there, baffled.

The owner of the house spoke up, "I don't think she likes you. Good luck trying to get her to mate you. I'll be back in a matter of days."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke looked very pleased with himself. Shreya waited until the owner of the house was gone, and then she began shouting at him, "What do you think your doing?"

He tucked his mandibles closer to his face, "I asked him if I could watch you. Now we can be together without worrying about being caught."

Shreya began shaking her head.

"I asked if I could mate you, and he said yes. If I'm your mate, then he has to allow you to become pregnant. We can have sex now, if you want." He raised his eyebrows expectantly.

She backed away from him, and said a firm, "No."

"We can start trying to have a suckling now, then I'm able to, I will challenge him for you."

"Don't do that, don't challenge him."

"Do not worry, I won't loose. I won that challenge, and on the hunt they were impressed with my ability. One of the higher ranked males offered to be my mentor. Under his guidance, I know I can defeat that male. You already did."

Her chest felt tight, and she was getting overwhelmed. Kv'var-de'luar-ke wanted to give her everything she desired-her freedom, a family.

He stepped closer to her, "That male really isn't as bad as you made him seem. He is actually very laid back. Maybe if I claim you as a lifemate he won't make me fight for you."

“Don’t say that! He ruined my life! That male is a monster! You don’t know him like I do...”

“I know, he kept you prisoner here, but I’ll take you away from this place. We’ll always be together. I chose you, over all other females.”

Her heart was beating faster and faster, and pressure built behind her eyes. “You need to leave.” she choked.

Kv’var-de’luar-ke innocently cocked his head at her. He didn’t understand.

“Please, just leave. I can’t explain right now...”

When she started to walk away, he went to stop her. If there was something wrong, he wanted to know immediately. He grabbed her wrist, but Shreya had taken several self-defense classes on Earth. She lifted her hand near her cheek, grabbed his wrist with her other hand, and twisted, effectively breaking his hold on her. She was being just as slippery as when he first met her.

He wrapped his arms around her middle instead, and she seemed to get angry at him for it. She kicked and thrashed, but he was determined to keep a hold of her. He began to purr, slow and steady, to try and sedate her. She didn’t fight it this time. Shreya broke down and started to cry.

Kv’var-de’luar-ke instantly released her. She hadn’t cried when they’d first met, when he’d chased her, and thought she was willing when she was not. She hadn’t been crying after the owner of the house scratched up her neck. He’d never seen her cry. He didn’t know what was wrong, or if it was something he did.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No.”

He tentatively approached her again, and this time she didn’t try to shove him off. He wrapped his arms around her back and leaned his chin on the top of her head, “Why are you crying then?”

She fell silent for the longest time and he didn’t think he was going to get an answer. But then she took in a deep breath and finally said, “I can’t have children.”

His whole body went tense.

“I know you’re going to leave now, but please don’t be mad at me! I never meant to lead you on. I know should have told you sooner. I should have just blurted it out that first day when you attacked me!”

He retracted his hands from her and took a step back. She looked up at him, trying to hold back more tears. Kv’var-de’luar-ke was always clumsy and playful; she’d never seen him look so serious. He could have been standing at a funeral.

“I’m sorry... It’s not my fault...”

Kv’var-de’luar-ke let out a dark, savage growl and rose his voice to her, “How is not your fault? You knew you were barren the whole time!”

“I did, but it’s not my fault I can’t have kids. That male did this to me.”

“How?”

“He used to take me out of the garden, that’s how I learned so much of the culture. He took me to meetings, parties, and in to shops. Well one day, I accidentally disrespected another male. He was getting cocky and I talked back. He challenged me and I was ready to fight him. Apparently he was of very high rank though, and there was a chance he’d kill me, even on accident.”

She sighed and shook her head, “The owner of the house jumped in to fight instead of me. That bastard didn’t want to spare me pain, he just didn’t want to loose me as his garden ornament. He lost the fight of course, then decided to punish me. He took me in that day and had me sterilized.”

Kv’var-de’luar-ke wouldn’t meet her eyes. He stood in front of her for a several long moments, the gravity of it sinking in. It shouldn’t have mattered how he felt about her-he was young, and having offspring was still a great importance to him. Maybe when he older, and had already sired many pups, he could settle down. Right now though, he only had one living pup, that hadn’t even passed it’s chiva yet.

When he turned and walked away, she didn’t try to stop him. When she had first met him, she’d tried to avoid him, knowing that yautjas only wanted mates for offspring. She knew from the start that it wouldn’t work out. She should have prepared for him to leave, and braced herself for it. Still, even knowing it would come to an end eventually, the pain wasn’t any less sharp.

Chapter 13

He'd asked that male if he could watch her while he was gone hunting, so he had to stick around for a few days. Every once in a while, the hound would tilt its head up at a tree, and she wondered if Kv'var-de'luar-ke was watching her. Shreya never saw him though. She found plates of food and clean clothes set out for her, but he never made an appearance. He didn't try to talk to her. He didn't want to be around her.

When the owner of the house returned, everything went back to normal. She did her usual yoga and martial arts routine, and meditated to try and pass the time. The hound was just as playful, and she tested her strength against him with games of tug-of-war. With every passing day, her heart caved just a little more. When two weeks had passed, she truly thought he would be gone forever.

She woke up with an orange glow behind her eyelids, and the feel of the hammock rocking slightly. There was no point in getting up yet, but she felt someone nudge the hammock to keep it moving. She wondered if it was the yaut hound pawing at it, or nudging it with his head, and turned to swat him away. As soon as she saw the silhouette of a yautja standing there, she figured it was the owner of the house. She let out a disgusted sound and nestled herself back in the hammock.

A small, sad chirp erupted behind her.

Shreya spun around, making the hammock sway, and almost spilling her out of it. It was Kv'var-de'luar-ke. It was his eyes, his green skin, and short dreds. She could hardly believe it.

"Why did you come back?"

His chest rumbled before he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I like you. I want you as my mate." Men were never good with words, but she knew that if he returned to her-even if he had to be monogamous and she couldn't have sucklings-that he really did care for her.

"But I can't give you kids. I shouldn't let you stay with me, you'll regret it. You'll change your mind. I know you will..."

He growled lightly and cupped her face in his hands, "I won't change my mind. Tell me those ooman vows so I can say them to you, if that will convince you."

Warm tears started to slip down her cheeks.

"Don't cry," he tried to wipe her tears away with his thumbs, "your face gets red and you look ugly when you cry."

Her mouth dropped and she let out a choked laugh. He better have been joking. She gave him a small slap on his chest for the insult, but all he did was cock his head and trill at her. She draped her arms around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Before her lips touched him though, she hesitated.

She had to ask, “Are you sure?”

He suddenly grabbed her arms and hauled her out of the hammock to stand in front of him, “I am sure.”

Shreya’s heart was about to burst from her chest as she wrote down the seven vows. He had the first line, but he didn’t seem happy about it. He reluctantly read the first phera, “You will offer me food and be helpful in every way. I will cherish you and provide welfare and happiness for you and... our children.”

Shreya let out a heavy sigh. There were several mentions of kids in the vows: “protect our house and children”, ‘strive for the education of our children’, and to be “blessed with noble and obedient children”. For her to bear offspring was just as crucial in her culture as it was in his. The vows were supposed to be sacred, but Shreya decided to take an artistic license. On a whim, she snatched the paper from his hands and scratched most of it out, just leaving the best bits.

He looked over her writing and said, “You have come into my life, enriching it.”

She stared up into his eyes, “I will trust and honor you. In return, you will love me solely.”

“We are now husband and wife, and are one. You are mine and I am yours.”

She added a Christian line to the end, “Til death do we part.”

Kv’var-de’luar-ke stooped to kiss her, then turned and marched towards the house.

Shreya followed after him, trying not to trip in her green sari dress, “Wait, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to challenge the male for you. I don’t want you here with him any longer then you have to. Is he home?”

Shreya blinked at him in shock as he started pounding on the back door of the house. Before she could answer him, the owner of the house stepped outside with a snarl. His dark eyes landed on Kv’var-de’luar-ke, and then her. His mandibles stretched out to the sides of his face, exposing the slick pink insides of his mouth. He was furious already.

Kv’var-de’luar-ke splayed his mandibles right back at him, “I challenge you to hand-to-hand combat for the ooman.”

The owner of the house tucked his mandibles up in a way that resembled a sly smile, “She is worthless as a female. I bet she didn’t tell you that! You don’t want her, no one will want her.”

Kv’var-de’luar-ke jumped forward slammed his his into the other yautjas mouth, catching him off guard. Then he snarled, “She did tell me, and I still want her.”

Bright green blood dripped from the other yautjas mouth, as he sized Kv’var-de’luar-ke up. He was shorter, younger, and less trained then the owner of the house. Shreya worried he would loose. He wouldn’t be allowed to challenge him for the same thing twice, or it would be harassment, and law authorities could intervene. He had one shot at this.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke didn't have a particular technique, he was just winging it. He leapt on top of the other yautjas back, and got him into a choke hold. When that didn't work, and the yautja broke the hold, he didn't something else just as crazy. The owner of the house was on the ground behind him, about to grab him, and Kv'var-de'luar-ke did a back flip over him. With Kv'var-de'luar-ke now behind the other yautja, he could gain leverage on him and try to pin him to the ground.

The other yautja was more controlled, and didn't jump in the air or do back flips. He effectively broke holds, made sure not to tire himself out, and only took the best shots. A kick to the knee and a punch to the face had Kv'var-de'luar-ke down. He didn't yield though. Kv'var-de'luar-ke walked off the pain, then got a running start into a drop kick.

The other male went down hard, but it wasn't enough. He got right back up, cracked his neck, and stared Kv'var-de'luar-ke down. Kv'var-de'luar-ke attacked first, trying to get the upper hand. The other yautja released an explosive punch when the young male wasn't guarding himself, hitting him on the side of the jaw. When several long seconds passed and he didn't get up, Shreya panicked.

She ran over and rolled him onto his back, swept back her hair, and placed her head over his chest. She could easily hear his strong heart beats. He was alive, just knocked unconscious. She let out a breath, not having realized she was holding it.

The owner of the house stepped behind her, casting a shadow over them. He placed his hand on her shoulder, squeezing until it was painful, "I guess I won."

Chapter 14

The older male went inside then, and Shreya shook Kv'var-de'luar-ke to try to wake him up. When she lightly started to smack his face, his eyes slowly opened and he sat up. She threw her arms around his neck. She didn't know what was going to happen now. She worried that the owner of the house would try to keep Kv'var-de'luar-ke away from her.

Her arms tightened around him, and she started to sniffle, trying her best not to cry again. Kv'var-de'luar-ke's chest vibrated with a steady purr, calming her some. She took a deep breath, loosened her grip on him, and leaned away. Shreya gave him a weak smile, trying not to lose hope. Somehow, things would be ok.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke kissed her jaw, her neck, and skimmed the tusks on his mandibles over her collar bone. Then he breathed, "Don't lose faith in me just yet."

He hopped up and she watched him climb a tree to the wall, then disappear. He'd lost, but did not seem discouraged whatever. Shreya went and sat in the hammock, knowing he had some sort of backup plan. Her lips curved into a slow smile. Maybe he had something of value to trade for her?

Kv'var-de'luar-ke returned within a matter of hours, hauled three other yautjas over the wall with rope, and she suddenly understood his plan. He couldn't challenge the male again, but others could. The only requirement was that they be of lower rank than the owner of the house. Kv'var-de'luar-ke briefly introduced them to her—one was a friend from class, one was an old buddy of his, and the other male was one of his older brothers. They all took their turns challenging the owner of the house.

His friends were defeated fairly quickly, but the older male was getting worn out. It was considered bad sport to gang up on someone with challenge after challenge, but it wasn't against any rules. Kv'var-de'luar-ke's older brother was of a higher rank than his friends, but still lower than the other male. If he didn't win, Kv'var-de'luar-ke would just go round up more buddies. Someone would defeat the male eventually.

That didn't prove to be necessary though. His older brother had good defense tactics, and let the other male wear himself out more. Then, he grabbed his opponent by his head, and thrust his knee up into his face. Blood gushed from his broken teeth, and the male staggered backwards then fell. His older brother circled the male, ready to strike again, but the owner of the house sharply turned his face away—yielding.

Before she could react, the winner ran and grabbed a hold of her. She let out a shriek as he hauled her above his head like a weight lifting bar. His older brother let out a proud roar that made her cringe, her ears ringing, but he had won her freedom. When the older male retreated into the house, he dumped her into Kv'var-de'luar-ke's arms. They all trilled as she stretched up to kiss him.

Shreya started helping teach a training class of young pups, and with the money, Kv'var-de'luar-ke and her were able to get their own place together. Watching other people's kids

learn and grow only gave her a slight heartache. Teaching was what she always wanted to do though, and it made her happy to have a place in the society, instead of feeling useless. Yautja pups, like any kids, were difficult to keep in line though. The main teacher was a yautja female, and she had to keep smacking kids to get them to participate in what Shreya was trying to teach.

She wasn't used to coaching such young kids, but hoped to inspire them, "Physical movements are just one of eight main components of yoga. I'm going to teach you good habits, and how to avoid bad habits. I'll teach you meditation, concentration, breathing techniques, and more... Now, I know that may sound boring, but I promise yoga will help you become the best of hunters. Breathing techniques can help you hold your breath longer under water, a valuable skill. Physical movements can improve your balance and increase strength."

One of the pups in the front row stood up and walked up to her. He barely had dreads yet, they were only a few inches long. His skin was very light in color, with less blotching. The yautja female surged forward to shove the pup back in line, but Shreya held her palms up to tell her to stop. She was confident that she could handle the pup on her own.

Shreya crouched down to be eye level with the child, "Do you have a question?"

The pup didn't answer, but she could see its eyes looking over her skin. She held her hand out, "Are you looking at the henna designs? It's a type of dye that-Oww!"

The pup suddenly leaned forward and bit her. The child didn't have the tusks on its mandibles yet, but it did have sharp teeth in its jaws. Blood swelled from the wound and dripped on the floor. All of the pups jumped up, curious about her red blood. Shreya quickly headed to the bathroom, her hand throbbing with pain. The yautja female let out a deafening roar that had the pups scrambling backwards.

"Class is dismissed! All of you get out of my sight!" They all bolted, but she caught the pup's wrist that had bit Shreya, "Your bearer will be hearing from me about your behavior. I suggest you go home and beg her for mercy before I even tell her what you did." She let the pup run home scared.

Shreya ran her hand under the cold water, waiting for it to stop bleeding. She had two big puncture holes on the top of her hand, then four smaller holes through her palm. The pup was likely to leave her with a scar. The tall yautja female came in after a minute and set a small medical kit on the edge of the sink.

"Thanks."

Shreya started to fiddle with the jars, but opening them with only one hand was difficult. It pained her to use the other hand, and it still wouldn't stop bleeding all over the place. The yautja female jumped in to help. Shreya suspected she did this for many pups, because she worked so quickly. She applied a gel that stopped the bleeding instantly, then a second coat of something orange dried into a sort of rubber bandage.

It was too bad yautjas didn't normally use painkillers. As she flexed her hand, it still throbbed, but she said, "Thank you."

“Don’t let the pups push you around. If they think your soft, they’ll never listen to your teachings.”

Shreya nodded, but said, “I didn’t expect him to bite, that completely took me off guard.”

The female let out a snort, like she had seen it coming, “Well, at least this is good practice until you have pups of your own.”

She had never told anyone but Kv’var-de’luar-ke about what that other male had done to her. But, she knew that if she didn’t start telling the truth, she’d never let herself get close to anyone enough to make friends. The yautja female and her were going to be working together every day. It hurt to talk about it, but she told the female about the male who owned the garden.

Chapter 15

The female listened to her story, her face going from disgust, to empathy, and finally to anger, “That male had no right! If you defeated as you said, that makes you blooded. You cannot be owned. He could keep you locked away, if that was the deal so he wouldn’t kill your family, but taking away your ability to procreate... He crossed a line. I’d like to wring his neck!”

She harshly slammed the medical kit closed. “It is a female’s right to have offspring, the doctors should never have agreed to go through with it. It doesn’t make sense.” The female started to leave with the medical kit, but stopped in the doorway and turned back to her, “... Unless, the procedure was reversible.”

Shreya lifted her head, considering the possibility.

“If you haven’t gone to the doctor, I suggest you do. And if it cannot be reversed, consider suing that bastard for grievances.”

When she told Kv’var-de’luar-ke about what the yautja female had said, he insisted that they go to the doctor immediately. They took a ship to the nearest medical practitioner on the planet that knew about ooman anatomy. Shreya wasn’t prepared for her nervous she became. Her throat tightened and she started to feel dizzy. When she started to breathe faster, Kv’var-de’luar-ke knew something was wrong.

He combed his claws through her long hair, “It doesn’t matter what he says. If your repairable or not, I’m still keeping you.”

Shreya smiled slightly, but it wasn’t that. The last time she’d been to a hospital, it was with that other male. He’d told her what they were going to do to her, and she had fought them. Two yautjas had to drag her into the room so that the doctor could put her under. If this was the closest ooman doctor, then it had to be the same guy right?

Shreya felt sick to her stomach as she sat down. The chair reminded her of the one’s they used in a dentist office and that just made her more nervous. She didn’t like dentists, and after that sterilization, she didn’t like doctors either. Shreya squeezed Kv’var-de’luar-ke’s hand as the doctor entered. She didn’t recognize him though. She wondered then if the other male hadn’t bothered to take her to an ooman doctor, but just anyone.

The doctor was tall and leaner than most male yautjas, with dark eyes, and dark dreds. He made her chair lean back until it was almost flat. Though he didn’t look like the same yautja that had done the surgery last time, she still didn’t trust him. When he grabbed something that looked like a fat pen attached to a chord, and brought it to her belly, she jumped away. She was halfway out of the chair when Kv’var-de’luar-ke grabbed her to force her down. They both growled at her.

The end of the pen-looking tool lit up with a blue light as he brought it to her hip. When she started to squirm away the doctor grunted, “Stay still.”

When it touched her skin, she jerked.

The doctor growled again and said, “Stop moving.”

Shreya pouted, “That thing is cold.”

The doctor pressed it to her again, and grabbed the tablet it was connected to. He watched the screen change as he pressed different buttons on the pen-like device. She supposed it worked similar to an ultrasound. He brought the device over her exposed belly, then her hips, and lower, but didn’t make her remove her clothes. Eventually he seemed satisfied, and set down the medical instrument.

His hands went to her breasts, squeezing them, and Shreya let out a squeak as her body tensed up like a rock.

“Stop moving.” the doctor growled.

“Why do you have to check those? I was sterilized... down there. My breasts shouldn’t matter.”

He didn’t let go of her boobs, “Do you want to have a pup and then find out you can’t feed it? I am a professional, and am doing a thorough examination. Lay still or I will strap you down.”

He was so grumpy, and Shreya couldn’t relax. She was too anxious. Could the sterilization procedure be reversed or not? On Earth, she knew it was unlikely but yautjas had more advanced technology. Couldn’t he just tell her already? This was taking too long.

He took his hands off her, “Normally, to reverse a sterilization there would just be a few injections. Your body formed your uterus when it was in the womb and we’ve learned how to turn on the right cells to be able to repair it. However, whoever preformed the initial sterilization did not take into consideration your unique species. They did a very sloppy job. You have softer outsides then yautjas and softer insides as well. There is a small amount of scar tissue that would impede any regeneration of your fallopian tubes by simple means.”

Shreya swallowed hard, begging that he’d say there was still a chance.

“If you wish to have children you will have to undergo another surgery. We will have to manually reverse the sterilization that was done. Reconnecting the tubes is harder then simply cutting them, but it will still be a minimally invasive surgery.”

She propped herself up on her elbows, “So your staying I can have kids afterall?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, thank you so much!”

Before she thought about what she was doing, Shreya sat up and wrapped her arms around the doctor. He let out a booming growl. It was like thunder, it vesonating through the room and she could feel the vibrations from it down to her bones. But, he’d just told her the best news in her entire life, so she merely squeezed him harder. After a while, his growls weakened and became faint purrs instead.

When she released him, he cleared his throat and acted like it never happened, “Hunting injuries are often healed for free. Sometimes the clan you are in will fund surgeries, but being an ooman, it is unlikely. Honored warriors are occasionally offered discounts. Seeing as you don’t qualify for any of that, the surgery will not be cheap. You try to sue the male that had this done to you in the first place, but if he fed and clothed you the whole time, it is unlikely that the courts will see fit that he pays for this surgery as well, but it is your choice to pursue that option or not.”

The cost turned out to be less than she thought, but still way out of their budget at the moment. Shreya hardly cared. There wasn’t a rush to have pups so soon. They both had jobs now, and in a few years they’d probably have enough saved up for her to have the surgery. She could have kids in the future, and that’s what really mattered.

Just as they were leaving, the doctor stepped out into the hall behind them, “I can’t pay for the entire sum, but I will donate what I can so that you can get the procedure sooner. You could probably take out a loan to cover the rest.”

Shreya’s heart thumped in her chest, “Thank you, but why?”

The doctor’s voice stayed firm and professional, “I have my reasons. You don’t need to concern yourself.”

She walked up to him, “Can I give you another hug?”

He acted like it was such a burden, even though she knew he liked it, “If you must.”

He bent down some so that she could wrap her arms around him easier. Then while she had him there, she turned her face and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. He let out a ragged purr before cutting himself off. Shreya went back to Kv’var-de’luar-ke’s side, eager to get back home and celebrate.

Chapter 16

Shreya was practically jumping up and down by the time they got home. She was so excited. She couldn't wait to go to work tomorrow and tell the yautja female that she was right, that it was reversible. First though, she wanted to celebrate with Kv'var-de'luar-ke. She drug him through the house, right into the bedroom.

Her heart was racing as fast as hummingbird wings, but she tried not to rush into sex. Shreya ran her hands up his bare chest, then put her arms around his neck. His body thrummed with a low purr, and he bent down to kiss her. She reveled in the way his mandibles moved against her lips. She knew how sensitive his dreds were, and gently squeezed one of the strands.

Kv'var-de'luar-ke strained not to react, but when she touched his hair, his cock surged with blood. Before he could touch her back, she walked away. She was just a tease. She stood beside the bed, picking off jewels from her skin. Then, she looked at him and dropped her scarf, revealing her shoulders and arms.

"Come here and undress me."

Kv'var-de'luar-ke jumped at the opportunity. He scrambled over to her, and lifted her shirt. He didn't get to remove it all the way, distracted by the sight of her. She still had a bra on under it, but she'd never let him see this much of her before. Shreya lifted the choli top over her head, and set it on top of the dresser. Then, she reached behind her to unclasp the bra, and took that off as well.

He let out a low whine, trying to behave. Just because she was naked didn't give him the right to touch her. He was weak though, and she was so beautiful. Her nipples were a root beer brown, a little darker than her skin tone. He lifted his hands, dropped them, then gave in.

He covered her breasts with his palms, squeezing them lightly before running his thumb over her nipples. They hardened at his touch, and she gave a small moan. That was enough encouragement for him. He lifted her into his arms and fell into bed over her. He ground his hips against her even though he knew she wouldn't let him continue and actually penetrate her.

He palmed her breasts, and licked at her nipples. She closed her eyes and arched into his every touch. He fought to control himself, but firmly pressed his groin between her legs. His member was hard and aching, the friction igniting like fireworks in his shaft. Precum had made a small wet spot on his loincloth.

He had to stop. Masterbation was taboo in his culture, to waste seed was shameful. When he lifted off of her though, she just proceeded to torture him. She slid down her pants, then kicked them off the end of the bed. He looked down at her, her soft curves and long legs, and a lump formed in his throat.

She slipped off her shoes too and asked, "Are you going to take that loincloth off or what?"

He tensed, feeling uncertain. He desperately wanted to feel skin against skin, but wasn't sure he could hold back. She hadn't had the surgery yet, couldn't produce sucklings yet. A yautja female that wasn't in heat would rarely copulate. Females did enjoy sex, but it was to make offspring first and for enjoyment last.

He voiced his confusion, "Mating is for procreation..."

They'd said their vows, and as far as she was concerned, they were married. After waiting so long already, she wanted to feel him inside her, "There is more to sex than babies, and you know it. Take off your loincloth."

He sat up and untied the strings, fumbling with the knot now that he knew he could have her body. He struggled to take off his sandals, his heart pumping wildly. He got one off, then just didn't bother removing the second shoe. He was ready to penetrate her immediately, but she still had her underwear on. His claws shot out to tear the thing off, but knew she'd scold him if he did that.

He started to pull down her underwear, and Shreya thought to help. She lifted her hips so he could remove it easier, but accidentally ended up jabbing him in the eye with her knee. He shook his head, brushing off the pain. Before she could say sorry, he lept on top of her, molding his body onto hers.

Shreya gasped, surprised how good it felt just to have him on top of her. His hips thrust forward on their own accord, his body naturally reacting. His cock slid through her soft folds, and he almost came just from that. Her body was so soft. But he'd failed to last once before, and the yautja female he'd been with had beaten him for it.

He mustered his control and tried to flip her over. Doggy style would give him a better angle, and more places to grip her. She wasn't sure what he was doing with her at first, and they accidentally bumped heads. He grunted, and positioned her on her hands and knees.

He didn't enter her as tactfully as he wanted, and cursed himself for his lack of experience. He groped her ass cheeks as he tried to thrust into her, but her entrance was a smaller target than imagined, and his cock went sliding elsewhere. Like a fiery yautja female, when she felt pressure building at her ass hole, she turned and smacked him. He growled and manhandled her back on her hands and knees. This time, he used his hand to guide himself to her entrance.

His manhood plunged into her, and he let out a strained exhale. Shreya tensed with the pain, but once he started moving, the pleasure washed it away. He grabbed her hips and crudely humped at her. His speed gradually increased, making her body tremble.

He leaned over her back, wrapping one arm around her middle. He hammered into her deeper, harder. She had to brace one arm on the wall in front of her, because his thrusting was pushing her forward so much. He grabbed her hair, but when she cried out he quickly released her. In his haste, he'd accidentally ripped out a few of the thin strands.

He purred as a sort of apology and softened his thrusts some, forgetting that he was mating an ooman. He ground into her, slow but forceful. He reminded himself that he had to last as long as she did. He tried to pace himself, and lightly nibbled on her neck. She let her arm drop from the wall and reached under herself to rub at the little pearl hidden in her folds.

He tipped his hips, feeding the length of his shaft into her wet channel. She swirled a finger around her clit, gritting her teeth as her other hand fisted around the furs under her. She backed up against his cock, rocking back as he thrust forward. She reached up to squeeze a handful of his dreds, and he forcefully butted himself up against her. His next few deep strokes had her toes curling and her body shuddering.

Once she finally dropped to her elbows with a content sigh, he could let himself cum. He tightened his grip on her hips, and felt his cock twitch inside her tight channel. A wave of pleasure wracked through his body as he came. He was a heavy cummer though, and the oomans body could not accommodate all of it.

A white cream oozed from her sex as he withdrew from her, and then he still had some to spare. More of his cum dribbled onto her back. He liked seeing the contrast of his white cream standing out against her darkly tan skin. His chest rumbled, pleased with his new mate. When she turned over, he caught her mouth and kissed her with all his passion.

~De slutet~ (Swedish for “The end”)